I Wanted to Disappear With You

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I Wanted to Disappear With You

by Redacted_username

Summary

A summary would spoil the carefully crafted blurring of reality that occurs in this story. Just know that there is nothing happy about it. It is all pain and sadness as evidenced by the warnings and tags.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Ryuko takes a deep drag on her cigarette and single step forward, running a hand through her unruly hair as she exhales. The still night is a welcome relief from the crowded hall she recently escaped.

"You're smoking again?"

"Yeah," she answers but does not turn to face the speaker. It's a clear night, but the lights that illuminate the entrance to the hotel obscure the view of the stars. "Just for tonight," she adds before taking another drag. The halogen orange stained cloud floats up and away and Ryuko pulls her keys out of her pocket.

"I wish you wouldn't."

"I know." Slipping her index finger through the key ring, Ryuko twirls the keys over into the palm of her hand and flicks the cigarette into the parking lot.

"Hey, Sa- oh. Um. We're going to cut the cake."

"Thank you, I'll be right in." Satsuki answers. It's only after Ryuko hears the door clang shut that she finally turns to face Satsuki.

"I guess that makes two of us," she says, but she's alone. There is nothing but darkness, as if she stood alone, in a spotlight, on an empty stage. "Huh?"

Ryuko groans as she wipes the drool from her face, feeling around the blanket for her phone. She recoils from the brightness as the clock reads six in the morning. The knot in her stomach unties itself, but the pain in her chest persists. She pulls down the blinds and tries to ground herself in reality again.

Rain. Figures.

She has another hour before the alarm on her phone is set to go off, but there was no point in even trying to go back to sleep. It had been a while since the last dream, but it always got worse around this time of year.

I hate this, she thinks. She's breathing fire, choking on smoke. Everything was spiraling out of control again. There was this thing, this beautiful thing. *We could have been perfect, and you left me here.* Nothing ever prepared her for the sharp pain in her chest every time *she* crossed Ryuko's mind or was spoken of.

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Ryuko shifted her weight nervously and settled her back against the wall. The glass of champagne in her hand was simply to keep it occupied. The other teased at the top of her

zippo lighter in her pocket. The woman on the dance floor looked back at her again and Ryuko tried her best to keep her cool. A man in a generic suit held his hand out to the woman and she politely accepted the invitation to dance, looking back at Ryuko again. Ryuko smiled ruefully and made her way onto the balcony. The cool night air helped to calm her nerves as she lit a cigarette. She pulled her phone out of her pocket to occupy her time.

"It's a nice night."

Ryuko jumped, startled by the voice. Locking her phone and slipping it back into her pocket, she looked up to respond. Her heart skipped a beat and she wasn't sure how much time had passed, but she stood silent for a moment, transfixed by the stunning woman before her. Though she had seen Satsuki Kiryuin many many times before now, she had never noticed just how blue her eyes were. Though she had had many many conversations, even joked around, with Satsuki Kiryuin at the office before now, she suddenly couldn't find words to speak.

"..."

And suddenly, the gears caught again in her mind. How long had that stunned look been on her face? Did Satsuki see it? "Yeah." Ryuko finally responded, hastily rearranging her expression from that of being forcefully clubbed over the head. "The party is nice. Surprised ya came, knowing everyone would want to dance with ya." Ryuko began swearing at herself internally. Satsuki laughed softly, the sound of it made Ryuko slightly dizzy.

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, ya know. The way they all try to chat ya up at the office. It's kinda...obvious." Ryuko's mouth was suddenly dry. She hoped, to whatever deity was in charge, that Satsuki hadn't caught the look on her face earlier. A short, pink haired woman Ryuko had never seen before called for Satsuki in the doorway.

"I'd better go."

"Yeah."

Satsuki smiled again and Ryuko just stood there, helpless in the wake of it. When she finally remembered how to move, she left the party.

Her phone chimed as she walked to her car, a message from Satsuki.

"You're adorable."

Shit. She saw it. Ryuko took a moment to think of her response when another realization hit her.

"You came to see me, didn't you?" Ryuko was kicking herself for not seeing it earlier. Satsuki could have had anyone she wanted, but she never talked to anybody the way she talked to Ryuko.

"Guilty."

“Ryuko!?”

“Huh?” She isn’t entirely sure how long she’s been lost in her memories. The forceful removal back into the real world has left her reeling.

“The numbers from last quarter? I e-mailed you. Are you ok?” The purposeful look on Mako’s face as she asks only makes Ryuko more upset with herself.

“I’m good. I’ll print it up for you. It was up fifteen percent or something. Give me a sec.” Ryuko opens the spreadsheet and scans the numbers. Eighteen percent. Close enough. She prints the report. “It’s on the printer.” She smiles up at Mako, trying to hide the fact that her insides are on fire. It’s a hollow thing, her lips stretched awkwardly with the action and her eyes remain unchanged.

“Thanks. Are you sure you’re ok?” Mako asks, with that same pointed look.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Just tired. Didn’t sleep well last night.”

“Oh. Ok. You sure?” Mako looks at her sternly this time, she knows exactly what’s going on.

Ryuko swallows hard. “Yeah. I’m good.” She says, wrenching open her desk drawer and slapping a nicotine patch onto her arm as Mako walks away.

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The sky is a thousand shades of pink and orange as the sun begins to sink below the horizon. There is a light breeze, but Ryuko can't feel it, the gently swaying grass the only evidence of it. She is lying on her back on the slope of a hill watching the clouds pass by.

“So,” the woman says as she sits next to Ryuko. “Are we doing this?”

It takes a moment for what Ryuko has been asked to register. Something pulls at her, a nagging feeling like she’s being held back.

“Satsuki...I…” The way Satsuki’s features fall as Ryuko begins to answer indicates that she is disappointed, but the look doesn’t shatter Ryuko’s heart into a thousand pieces that way it should. Ryuko looks back up to the sky as more cliche cotton candy clouds drift by. “I can’t,” but when she turns to look back, Satsuki is gone.

Ryuko wrenched awake by that strange feeling of a sudden drop that occurs just before falling asleep. Sitting up, she presses her palms to her eyes, slightly surprised to find that they are damp. *Even in my dreams, I can’t have you.* The room is illuminated by the flash of lightning followed by the soft roll of thunder.

Of course. Rain.

Ryuko is bored, eyeing the clock, waiting for the end of the work day. The only game on her computer at work frustrates her. She's had Mako explain it to her several times, but she still can't seem to figure out how to tell where the little mines are. It doesn't stop her from trying. Her look of fierce concentration drops into disappointment as she loses yet again. *Twenty more minutes* she thinks, checking the time again.

"I should call Jakuzure to take me home."

Satsuki and Ryuko were the last two on the sales floor. It had been a long night, but it passed by quickly with all the banter that came so easily between them. Ryuko had barely noticed that it was nearly time to go home.

"I could take ya home," Ryuko said sheepishly. She cleared her throat at the look she was given. "I mean, if you want, I could drive you. I don't have anything else to do tonight, it's not a problem." Satsuki smiled and Ryuko let out a breath she was unaware that she had been holding. Her own features broke into a lopsided grin.

They locked up and made their way to Ryuko's car. She unlocked and opened the passenger side door for Satsuki and smiled that same silly grin again as Satsuki gracefully got in. A perfect gentleman. The traffic light was always red whenever Ryuko left after closing, but she never waited the nearly five minutes (or so it seemed) for it to turn green. Checking to make sure there was no oncoming traffic, she looked over at Satsuki.

"Do ya see any cops?" Ryuko asked in a mock serious tone. The street was deserted.

"No?" Satsuki responded in earnest.

"Good. No cop, no stop!" Ryuko chuckled as she ran the red light. Satsuki laughed softly in the passenger seat. She was absolutely breathtaking and Ryuko was intoxicated by the combination of Satsuki's laugh and the soft scent of her perfume that filled the car. "You smell like girl."

"Is that good?" Satsuki asked.

"It's gonna be stuck in my car for days!" Ryuko half-heartedly complained.

"You'll deal with it."

The only other exchanges that occurred were Satsuki's directions to her house. Ryuko was rapidly running out of time to gather her courage. She couldn't think properly and they had already reached Satsuki's house.

"Well, goodnight," Satsuki said and Ryuko began to panic.

Ryuko wasn't entirely sure how to go about executing the maneuver she was attempting. It wasn't a date, so it seemed awkward. Yet, Satsuki hadn't moved to open the door, she was still facing Ryuko. The last thing she wanted to do was make an advance against Satsuki's wishes. *"I...I really want to kiss you," Ryuko admitted shyly.* God, what an idiot. I sound so stup-

And Satsuki closed the distance between them, catching Ryuko's lips.

Every single tired cliche in the history of romance ran through Ryuko's head as she watched Satsuki walk to her door. It was like lightning, fireworks went off in her head, blah blah blah, but most importantly, it was the first time Ryuko could ever honestly say that of a first kiss. She nearly forgot to wave back as Satsuki disappeared into her house.

Ryuko has to shake her head to clear the memory. When Mako appears in the entrance of Ryuko's cubicle, she yawns to give a credible excuse for the tears pooling in her eyes. Mako isn't fooled, she never is, and before Ryuko can decline, she's pulled out to dinner.

"What's up with you lately?" Mako asks as the waitress takes their menus. The question is more of a courtesy. To give Ryuko the chance to come out with it herself.

"It's nothing," Ryuko says, dull and disconnected.

"Ryuko, I know how to use a calendar. You always get like this around...this time." Ryuko hates the way Mako looks at her.

"I know, ok? I just...don't know what to do." Ryuko looks down at the napkin in her lap to hide the fresh bout of tears.

"It's been years. I mean, have you even talked to anyone about it? Like, a professional?" Mako asks, dropping her voice slightly at the clarification.

"You don't understand." The last time Ryuko tried to talk to somebody about it, she nearly had a psychotic break. "It's not like it'll make any difference."

"You might be able to move on. Find somebody else?" Mako's words are carefully measured and soft. As if she's speaking to a child about their favorite toy that has been destroyed.

The tears fall heavily into the napkin on Ryuko's lap and she grits her teeth hard. "There isn't anybody else. We would have been perfect."

"You don't know that." Mako, forever the voice of reason.

"You don't know I'm wrong." Ryuko knows she sounds ridiculous.

"Ryuko. You need to get help."

"I...I know." Ryuko says quietly.

"Do you?"

"Don't look at me like that."

"Like what? Like you're losing your grip on reality? Because you are, or you did, when..." Mako's words are pulling a thread on the badly knitted fabric of Ryuko's mind.

Reality is irrelevant

“Ryuko?”

“Huh?”

“Really? Just a waffle?” Satsuki asks.

“Yeah! This place has the best waffles. Period.” Ryuko says, grinning.

“Ryuko!” Mako is stretched across the table shaking Ryuko by the shoulder.

“What?” Ryuko blinks a few times before Mako comes into focus, the grin on her face sliding off.

“Where did I just lose you to? You were grinning like an idiot.”

“I’m right here! Just a daydream. Relax.” Ryuko brushes Mako’s hand from her shoulder.

“Are you sleeping better?”

“Yes,” Ryuko visibly stiffens at this question.

“I’m just worried about you.”

“I’m fine. Everything is fuc-” but Ryuko stops as the waitress sets a plate in front of her.

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Ryuko sighs as rush hour traffic crawls along at a stop-and-go pace. The radio is nothing but background noise.

“I wish I could just go somewhere.”

“Where?”

“I don’t know. Anywhere but here. Just run away, start a new life, ya know?”

“That’d be nice. What would you do, though?”

“Go be a rice farmer or something.” Satsuki lets out an amused snort at this. “Don’t laugh! It’d be perfect. I’d farm rice and have some chickens and cows and we could live out in the country and nobody could bother us.”

“Hmmmm. That does sound nice.”

“What about you? Ya can’t tell me there’s nowhere else you’d rather be.”

Satsuki ponders on this for a moment. “Maybe Paris.”

“Oui, oui. Parie! Bonjour. Merci.” Ryuko says in a poor french accent. Satsuki laughs loudly and Ryuko grins that lopsided, goofy grin.

The driver behind Ryuko is laying on his horn, snapping her back to rush hour traffic. There are at least two car lengths of empty road in front of her.

“Yeah, yeah. Whatever,” she mutters and closes the gap. “Wow, a whole ten fuckin’ feet.”

Ryuko is angry when she gets home, but it has nothing to do with the traffic or anything that actually happened that day. She throws away the backing of the nicotine patch she stuck on her arm before sitting at the dining room table, opening her laptop to play a game. Something to zone out for a little while. She’s trying to kill an enemy, but when she’s killed instead, she swears and stares at the game over screen.

“What happened?”

“This douche bag has to be a hacker. I shot him square in the dome and he lived?!” Satsuki has no idea what Ryuko is talking about but smiles at Ryuko’s choice of words. “What do you want to do tonight?” Ryuko asks as she cracks her knuckles and exits the game.

“Oh. I’ll just read my book. You can play. It’s quite entertaining when you lose.” The smirk on Satsuki’s face has Ryuko grinning again.

Ryuko is staring sadly at the empty chair next to her in the empty apartment. Her heart is beating painfully against her ribcage. When she lifts her trembling hands, she notices her breathing is shallow. *What is happening to me?*

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Ryuko hasn’t slept properly in days. Mako shakes her awake in her cubicle and she leaves early, promising to go straight home and get some rest. Ryuko doesn’t make it anywhere near home. The bar is nearly empty, as is to be expected of three in the afternoon on a Wednesday.

“Isn’t it a little early to be drinking?”

“It’s five o’clock somewhere.”

“It’s Wednesday.”

“So?” Ryuko says, not taking kindly to the accusatory tone.

“I’m not judging you, lady. I just wanna know if you want another one.” The bartender says, holding out his hand.

It takes Ryuko a moment to realize what is going on, but when she does, she drains the last of the beer in the glass and pushes it towards the bartender. “Yeah. Sorry,” she mumbles and

shortly after, a fresh beer is placed in front of her.

“Be nice,” Satsuki scolds.

“I didn’t like the way he was checking you out,” Ryuko explains and Satsuki lets out an incredulous snort. “What? Listen, if you wanna be in the ocean, you better know how to swim. And this area,” Ryuko gestures to their immediate proximity, “is shark territory.” She grins a lopsided and toothy grin, showing off her uniquely sharp canine teeth before bringing her glass to her lips.

“Fair enough, but slow down a little. It’s not a race.”

Ryuko is sitting in the corner of the bar, nursing her fourth? fifth? drink. A few of the other patrons are throwing nervous glances her way.

“What...what time is it?” Ryuko slurs.

“Nearly midnight. We should probably head home.” Satsuki responds coolly.

“Why? The night is young! I wanna go somewhere.”

“Where?”

“Anywhere. Anywhere but here. Anywhere with you.” Ryuko slams her glass down on the bar harder than she means to, but she grins at Satsuki again nonetheless.

“Alright. You’re starting to scare the other customers. You got someone you can call to pick you up?” The bartender takes Ryuko’s glass and stares her down.

“I…” Ryuko looks at her phone. Midnight. When she looks back to her side, there is nobody there. She’s alone. “I’ll call a cab.”

The bartender only sticks around to watch her dial a number but not long enough to hear what happens. Ryuko puts the phone to her ear as she walks out of the bar, but the number she dialed has been out of service for years.

“What in the world were you thinking?” Satsuki asks. Ryuko just smiles before trying to take a deep breath. Her eyes fly open when the sound of Satsuki’s voice fully processes.

She’s staring up at the sky, clouds gilded in the brilliant light of the setting sun. Her head is resting in Satsuki’s lap and she can’t remember where she was or how she got here. Familiar hands are twisting flowers into a crown above her.

“Nothing. I wasn’t thinking about anything.” Ryuko lies.

“You always were a terrible liar. Is that how you want to spend what little time we have?” Satsuki’s tone is firm as she softly places the crown on Ryuko’s head. She leans over far enough so that her face is now in the field of Ryuko’s vision. There’s worry and sadness etched into her features and Ryuko reaches up, softly cupping the side of Satsuki’s cheek.

“What are you talking about? We’ll always have forever.”

“No,” Satsuki says forcefully, laying her hand on Ryuko’s.

And for the first time in years, Ryuko can feel it. She can feel the warmth of Satsuki’s skin. The tears that are running over their hands. The soft breeze that sways the tall grass and flowers of the field they are lying in together.

Together.

“Please,” Ryuko whispers softly and her whole chest is suddenly tight. Ryuko feels like she’s drowning under those tears. Her lungs screaming for air.

Satsuki leans down, bringing their lips together and Ryuko’s lungs fill with life again. “You can’t stay here. Not yet. Not like this.”

“Don’t leave me again. I can’t- I-” It feels as though someone has placed a boulder on her chest and Ryuko cannot finish her sentence.

“Oh Ryuko,” Satsuki begins through her tears and at the sound of her name, something is pulling Ryuko. Pulling her away from this place. Away from Satsuki. “I never left you.” Another kiss. Another breath of life. Satsuki always was her breath of life. “I’m always with you.” Satsuki places a hand over Ryuko’s heart and the whole world rips apart in a brilliant flash of lightning.

When the world congeals back into focus, the sky is dark with a thick canopy of storm clouds, wind tearing through the field. Ryuko is now standing, listening to the wind rushing in her ears, Satsuki nowhere to be seen. Panic sets in, but when Ryuko turns around, Satsuki is several yards away, her back to Ryuko. Ryuko tries to call out, but the words are soundless, as if the world is suddenly mute, and she’s running. Running as fast as she can to get to Satsuki, but for all her running and all her wanting and all her need, Satsuki is farther and farther away, until she disappears just under the crest of a gently sloping hill and when Ryuko finally reaches the top of the hill, Satsuki is gone.

The world glitches.

Ryuko was fussing over a rose petal that was blown out of place in the bouquet as the elevator doors opened. Her umbrella had left a small puddle on the floor but she didn’t care. The small box in her pocket was all that mattered right now.

She sinks to her knees in the field of grass and flowers. That feeling of being ran through the heart with a dull metal rod exploding in her chest.

There were several police officers bustling around in the hallway, their two-way radios buzzing with distorted voices. The words "homicide" and "break-in" wafting through the air. Ryuko's stomach dropped as she realized they were coming and going from her and Satsuki's apartment.

Another silent scream of Satsuki's name tore from her, and though she could not hear the sound, she could feel her vocal cords ripping raw with the force of it.

Ryuko forced her way through the crowd of officers, shouting that it was her apartment, it was her apartment, where was Satsuki, as they try to stop her but they were only trying to spare her the pain of seeing her lover lying dead, limbs sprawled at odd angles, blood pooling under her head, on the floor. As if being told by a faceless, nameless officer that Satsuki was dead would have made it any better, any softer, anything less than a literal atomic bomb.

Tears were streaming down her face, mingling with the rain as it fell. She slumped over and rolled onto her back, letting the rain fall on her. Sheets of driving cold rain, but Ryuko wasn't cold.

You can't stay here, not yet. Not like this. I'm always with you…

Ryuko placed her hand over her own heart where Satsuki's had been earlier and the sky shattered apart with a final flash of lightning, and everything was black.

End Notes

I know this is a very far deviation from my usual work but ::some people:: *cough*badmitt*cough* *cough*wateryoudoing*cough* were jonesing for some angst. Thus, a pact was made, that we would all write terribly sad pieces.

Mine is a terribly sad terrible piece.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!